

What the Doctor Knows

KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in one year, in the State of New York alone. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay more attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once from any pharmacy. It is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

This Is No Joke.
They had graduated in June.
"What are you doing now?" asked the dear girl in the dialogue.
"Newspaper work," replied the young man. "I have charge of the 'Hints to Mothers' column on the Daily Planet. And you?"
"Oh, I'm doing a similar stunt," answered the dear girl. "I write the 'Man About Town' articles for the Daily Gusher."

COVETED BY ALL.
but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If you are streaked with gray, or are harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Not Converted.
"I've just returned from the country," said the enthusiastic man. "Three square meals a day, plenty of sleep and nothing to worry about—that's the life!"
"You seem to like it."
"And so I do. But just think I haven't been inside of a theater or a cabaret for a month! We'll have to make the rounds tonight."

CLEAR RED PIMPLY FACES

Red Hands, Red Scalp With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides, they meet every want in toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

He Furnished Proof.
Mr. Slowboy—Did you know that I am a member of the Press club?
Miss Willing—Of course not. How was I to know?
N. B.—The following day Miss Willing told her chum that Slowboy had a powerful press and could print kisses like an expert.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Was She Wise?
"Mother doesn't think she'll go to the theater with us tonight, Albert."
"Is that so? I have got three tickets. What shall I do with the third one?"
"Give it to the man you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us, and you won't have to go out to see him."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Closed Circle.
Young Girl—Yes; I feel an intense longing to do something for others.
Friend—Just whom do you mean by others?
"Well, I suppose almost anybody outside of my immediate family."—Life.

Something New in Law.
"What about your case?" demanded the judge, who couldn't quite make out what the prisoner was trying to say.
"Please, your honor, the district attorney said it was to be nolle prosequitur."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE
and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzled hairs. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Hard to Please.
"I'd like to show this patent cleaner to your wife."
"My wife is out."
"I'll leave it on approval."
"You're taking a long chance, old man. My wife never quite approves anything."

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

Copyright by
Charles Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

The chance did not materialize. The lights in a certain upper office in the Niquola building were still turned on long after M. Poudreaux had given up the hope of the deep-sea sounding for that night. Some time after the lobby crowd had melted, and before the lower avenue had begun to order small-hour suppers of Bongras, the two high windows in the Niquola building went dark and a few minutes later the man who had spent half the night tramping the floor or sitting with his head in his hands at the desk in the upper room came out of the street archway and walked briskly to the telephone office across the plaza.

"How is the line tonight, Sanford—pretty clear?" he asked of the night manager, killing time while the sleepy night receiving clerk was making his third attempt to count the words in the closely-written, two-page government cipher.

"Nothing doing; a little A. P. stuff drizzling in now and then," said the manager, adding: "But that's like the poor—always with us."

"All right; there is no particular rush about this matter of mine, just so it is sure to be in the secretary's hands at the opening of business in the morning. But be careful that it goes straight—you'd better have it checked back before it is put on the through wire from Denver."

"Sure, Mr. Brouillard. What you say in this little old shack goes as it lays. We'll look out and not bull your message. Good night."

CHAPTER XXI An Evening Call

Notwithstanding the preliminary rumors which Bongras and many others had sought so anxiously to verify, the Mirapolitan awakening to a realization that once more the tide had turned to bring new billows of prosperity tumbling into the valley of the Niquola came with a sudden and triumphant shock.

The first of the quickening waves fell upon the government reservation. Between sunrise and nightfall, on a day when the cloud of depression had grown black with panic threatenings, the apathy which had lately characterized the work on the great dam disappeared as if by magic. The city found its billboards posted with loud calls for labor; the idle mixers were put in commission; the quarries and crushers began to thunder again; and the stagings once more shook and trembled under the feet of a busy army of puddlers.

While the revival was as yet only in the embryonic period, fresh labor began to come in gangs and in carloads and presently by special trains. Swarming colonies of Greeks, Italians and Bulgarians were dumped upon the city through the gate of the railroad station, and once more Chigringo avenue at night became a cheerful midway.



"How is the Line Tonight, Pretty Clear?"

answering to the speech of all nations.

Change, revivification, reanimation instantly became the new order of the day; and again Mirapolis flung itself joyously into the fray, reaping where it had not sown and sowing only where the quickest crop could be gathered. For now the duldest of the reapers saw that the government work was really the Mirapolitan breath of life.

This new and never-mentioned conviction wrought an eager change in men and in methods. Credit vanished and spot cash was tacitly acknowledged to be the only way to do business in a live community. Fortunes changed hands swiftly, as before, but now there was little bargaining and, with hot haste for the foreword, little time for it. To the western motto of

"Go to it and get the money" was added: "And don't come back without it." It was said with a laugh, but behind the laugh there was a menace.

Among the individual transformations wrought by the new conditions the young chief of the reclamation service afforded the most striking example. From the morning when he had summarily canceled the lease for the offices in the Niquola building and had returned his headquarters to the old log buildings on the government reservation and thence had issued his first series of orders for the resumption of full-force work on the dam and canals, those who had not known him best discovered that they had not known him at all. Even to Grislow and the men of his staff he was curt, crisply mandatory, almost brutal. For one and all there was rarely anything beyond the stolid sentence: "Drive it, men; drive it; that's what you're here for—drive it!"

The time he took to eat his hurried meals at Bongras could be measured in minutes, and what hours he gave to sleep no man knew, since he was the last to leave the headquarters at night and the first on the work in the morning. Twice, after the renewed activities on the great wall had become a well-ordered race against time, and the concrete was pouring into the high forms in steady streams from the ranked batteries of mixers, Mr. Cortwright had sent for Brouillard, and on each occasion the messenger had gone back with the brief word: "Too busy during working hours." And when a third messenger came to inquire what Mr. Brouillard's working hours were, the equally blunt answer returned was: "All the time."

In the face of such discouragements Mr. Cortwright was constrained to pocket his dignity as mayor, as the potentate of the exchanges, and as the unquestionable master of the surly young industry captain who refused to come when he was called, and to go in person. Choosing the evening hour when he had been assured that he was likely to find Brouillard alone and at work, he crossed the boundaries of the sacred reservation and made his way to the door of the log-built mapping room.

"I came around to see what is eating you these days," was the pudgy tyrant's greeting for the young man sitting under the shaded desk lamp.

"Why don't you drop in once in a while and give me the run of things?" "I gave your clerk the reason," said Brouillard laconically. "I'm too busy."

"The devil you are!" snapped the great man, finding the only armchair in the room and dropping heavily into it. "Since when?"

"Since the first time you sent for me—and before."

Mr. Cortwright recovered his working geniality only with a palpable effort.

"See here, Brouillard, you know you never make any money by being short with me. Let's drop it and get down to business. What I wanted to say is that you are overdoing it; you are putting on too much steam. You've brought the boom, all right, but at the pace you're setting it won't last long enough. Are you catching on?"

"I'm listening," was the noncommittal reply.

"Well, enough's enough, and too much of a good thing scalds the hog before you're ready to dress it and cut it up. It's all right for you to run men in here by the trainload and scatter 'em out over your scaffolding—the more the merrier, and it's good for the town—but you needn't sweat the last shovelful of hurry out of them the way you're doing. It won't do to get your job finished too soon."

"Before congress convenes, you mean?" suggested Brouillard.

"That's just what I mean. String it out. Make it last."

Brouillard sat back in his pivot chair and began to play with the paper-knife.

"And if I don't choose to 'string it out'—if I even confess that I am straining every nerve to do this thing that you don't want me to do—what then, Mr. Cortwright?"

The quiet retort jolted the stocky man in the armchair as if it had been a blow. But he recovered quickly.

"I've been looking for that," he said with a nervous twinkling of the little gray eyes. "You've no business being out of business, Brouillard. If you'd quit puddling sand and cement and little rocks together and strike your gait right in ten years you'd be the richest man this side of the mountains. I'll be open-handed with you: This time you've got us where we can't wiggle. We've got to have more time. How much is it going to cost us?"

Brouillard shook his head slowly. "Odd as it may seem to you, I'm out of your market this time, Mr. Cortwright—quite out of it."

"Oh, no, you're not. You've got property to sell—a good bit of it. We can turn it for you at a figure that will—"

"No; you are mistaken," was the quick reply. "I have no property in Mirapolis. I am merely a squatter on government land, like everyone else in the Niquola valley."

"For heaven's sake!" the promoter burst out. "What's got into you? Don't you go around trying to stand that corpse on its feet; it's a dead one, I tell you! The Coronida titles are all right!"

"There are no Coronida titles. You have known it all along, and I know it—now. I have it straight from the bureau of land statistics. In a letter from a man who knows. The nearest boundary of the old Spanish grant is Latigo peak, ten miles south of Chigringo. The department knows this and is prepared to prove it. And in the very beginning you and your associates were warned that you could not acquire homestead or other rights in the Niquola."

"Let it go!" snapped the gray-eyed king of the pack. "We've got to get out alive and we're going to get out alive. What's your price?"

"I have answered that question once, but I'll make it a little plainer if you wish. It is beyond your reach; if you should turn your money-coining soul into cash you couldn't pay it this time Mr. Cortwright."

"That's guff—boy-talk—play-acting! You want something—is it that damned Massingale business again? I don't own the railroad, but if you think I do, I'll sign anything you want to write to the traffic people. Let Massingale sell his ore and get the money for it. He'll go gamble it as he did yours."

Brouillard looked up under the shaded electric globe and his handsome face wrinkled in a sour smile.

"You are ready to let go, are you?" he said. "You are too late. Mr. Ford returned from Europe a week ago, and I have a wire saying that tonight's through freight from Brewster is chiefly made up of empty ore cars for the 'Little Susan.'"

The sandy-gray eyes blinked at this, but Mr. Cortwright was of those who die hard.

"What I said still holds good. Massingale or his son, or both of them, will gamble the money. And if they don't, we've got 'em tied up in a hard knot on the stock proposition."

"I was coming to that," said Brouillard quietly. "For a long time you have been telling me what I should do and I have done it. Now I'll take my turn. You must notify your associates that the 'Little Susan' deal is off. There will be a called meeting of the directors here in this room tomorrow evening at eight o'clock, and—"

"Who calls it?" interrupted the tyrant.

"The president."

"President nothing!" was the snorted comment. "An old, drunken gambler who hasn't got sense enough to go in when it rains! Say, Brouillard, I'll cut that pie so there'll be enough to go around the table. Just leave Massingale out of it and make up your mind that you're going to sit in with us. We've bought the mine and paid for it. I've got the stock put away where it's safe. Massingale can't touch a share of it, or vote it, either."

Brouillard shook his head.

"You are stubbornly hard to convince, Mr. Cortwright, but I'll try one more time. You will come here tomorrow evening, with your confederates in the deal, prepared to take the money you have actually spent in betterments and prepared to release the stock. If you fail to do so you will get nothing. Is that explicit enough?"

"You're crazy!" shouted the promoter. "You talk as if there wasn't any law in this country!"

"There isn't—for such men as you; you and your kind put yourselves above the law. But that is neither here nor there. You don't want to go into court with this conspiracy which you have cooked up to beat David Massingale out of his property. It's the last thing on earth you want to do. So you'd better do the other thing—while you can."

CHAPTER XXII The Sunset Gun

Mr. Cortwright sat back in his chair, and once more Brouillard saw in the sandy-gray eyes the look which had been in the son's eyes when the derelict fought for freedom to finish killing Stephen Massingale.

"It's a pretty dangerous thing to try to hold a man up unless you've got the drop on him, Brouillard," he said significantly. "I've got you covered from my pocket; I've had you covered that way ever since you began to buck and rear on me a couple of months ago. One little wire word to Washington fixes you for good and all. If I say the word, you'll stay on your job just as long as it will take another man to get here to supersede you."

Brouillard laughed. "The pocket drop is never very safe, Mr. Cortwright. You are likely to lose too much time feeling for the proper range. Then, too, you can never be sure that you won't miss. Also, your assumption that I'm taking an unarmed man's chance is wrong. I can kill you before you can pull the trigger of the pocket gun you speak of—kill you so dead that you won't need anything but a coroner's jury and a coffin. How long would it take you to get action in the Washington matter, do you think?"

"I've told you; you have just about a week longer to live, at the farthest."

"I can better that," was the cool reply. "I have asked you to do a certain thing tomorrow night. If you don't do it, the Spotlight will print, on the following morning, that letter I spoke of—the letter from my friend in the bureau of land statistics. When that letter is printed everybody in Mirapolis will know that you and your accom-

plishes are plain swindlers, amenable to the criminal law, and from that moment there will never be another real estate transfer in the Niquola valley."

The promoter rose slowly out of his chair and stood leaning heavily with his fat hands, palms downward, on the flat-topped desk. His cheeks were puffed out and the bitten mustaches bristled like the whiskers of a gray old leader of the timber wolves.

"Brouillard," he grated huskily, "does this mean that you're breaking with us, once for all?"

"It means more than that; it means that I have reached a point at which I am ashamed to admit that there was ever anything to break."

"Then listen: You've helped this thing along as much as, or more than, anybody else in this town; and there are men right here in Mirapolis—"



"Then I'll Take a Hand!" Snarled the Tyrant, at Bay.

plenty of 'em—who will kill you like a rat in a hole if you go back on them as you are threatening to. Don't you know that?"

The younger man was balancing the paper cutter across his finger.

"That is the least of my worries," he answered, speaking slowly. "I am all sorts of a moral coward, I suppose; I've proved that often enough in the past few months. God knows. But I'm not the other kind, Mr. Cortwright."

"Then I'll take a hand!" snarled the tyrant at bay. "I'll spend a million dollars, if I have to, blacklisting you from one end of this country to the other! I'll fix it so you'll never build anything bigger than a hog pen again as long as you live! I'll publish your record wherever there is a newspaper to print it!" He pounded on the desk with his fist—"I'll do it—money can do it! More than that, you'll never get a smell of that Chigringo mine—you nor Dave Massingale!"

Brouillard tossed the paper-knife into a half-opened drawer and squared himself at the blotting pad.

"That is your challenge, is it?" he said curtly. "So be it. Start your machinery. You will doubtless get me, not because you have money, but because for a time I was weak enough and wicked enough to climb down and stand on your level. But if you don't hurry, Mr. Cortwright, I'll get you first. Are you going? One thing more—and it's a kindness; get your son out of town before this Massingale matter comes up for adjustment. It will be safer."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Pretty nearly all, except to tell you that your time is growing short, and you and those who are in with you had better begin to set your houses in order. If you'll come over here at eight o'clock tomorrow night prepared to do the square thing by David Massingale, I'll withhold the publication of that letter which will stamp you and your associates as criminals before the law; but that is the only concession I shall make."

"You've got to make at least one more!" stormed the outgoing magnate. "You don't have to set any dates or anything of that kind for your damned drowning act!"

"In justice to a good many people who are measurably innocent, I shall have to do that very thing," returned the engineer firmly. "The notice will appear in tomorrow's Spotlight."

It was the final straw in the stocky promoter's crushing wrath burden. His fat face turned purple, and for a second or two he clawed the air, gasping for breath. Brouillard sat back in his chair, waiting for the volcanic upheaval. But it did not come. When he had regained a measure of self-control, Mr. Cortwright turned slowly and went out without a word, stumbling over the threshold and slamming the door heavily as he disappeared.

For a time after the promoter's wordless departure Brouillard sat at his desk writing steadily. When the last of the memorandum sheets was filled he found his hat and street coat and left the office. Ten minutes later he had penetrated to the dusty den on the second floor of the Spotlight office where Harlan was grinding copy for his paper. Brouillard took a chair at the desk end and laid the sheets of pencilled government paper under the editor's eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Retribution for "Jofus."

A few days ago my little son had his first fight with the neighbor's boy, Joseph, and got the worst of it. The same afternoon the baby was marking lines on a sheet of paper with her pencil. Asked what she was doing she said: "I makin' sticks to hit Jofus with."—Exchange.

When You Speak of Preparedness

REMEMBER,

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

stands out very effectively as a bulwark against liver or digestive troubles, general weakness and malaria

Don't Experiment, Get Hostetter's

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches, stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free, 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

A Little Practice Cruise.
The Squire—Another air raid last night. George; bombs dropped in several districts and some damage done.
George—Lor', master! Now wuz it done by them German fellers or would that be our party?—London Sketch.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY
but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Pulp for Paper.
It is reported that the department of agriculture is experimenting with wire grass as a source of supply for pulp for making paper, in place of poplar or liriodendron. This variety of grass grows on the Pacific coast and in western Mexico, and possesses the very desirable property of toughness and can be reduced by the soda process. It is stated that paper manufactured from the stock has proved as satisfactory in physical tests as a first-grade machine-finished printing paper. In appearance and in feeling the paper produced is satisfactory. However, the experiments have indicated that more bleaching powder is required in the bleaching process than in the case of poplar stock.

New Shoes Protect Linemen.
A number of linemen have lost their lives because the shoes they wore were not properly protected from transmitting electric current. A special linemen's shoe has been patented recently which will completely overcome this risk. Its sole is composed of two separate layers of rubber which lessen the possibility of blowholes through which current enough to produce shock might be carried. Tests prove that this new shoe will prevent the passage of a current of at least thirty thousand volts without in any way affecting the wearer.

For Outdoor Life.
There are 10,000 Girl Scouts in this country, organized in 323 cities. State councils have been formed.



"Another Article Against Coffee"

In spite of broad publicity, many people do not realize the harm the 2½ grains of caffeine in the average cup of coffee does to many users, until they try a 10 days' change to

POSTUM

Postum satisfies the desire for a hot table drink, and its users generally sleep better, feel better, smile oftener and enjoy life more.

A fair trial—off coffee and on Postum—shows

"There's a Reason"